The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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FOR AN AUTUMN FESTIVAL.

The Persian's flowery gifts, the shrine
Of fruitful Ceres, charm no more;
The woven wreaths of oak and pine
Are dust along the Isthmian shore.

But beauty hath its homage still,
And nature holds us still in debt;
And woman's grace and household skill,
And manhood's toil, are honored yet.

And we to-day, amidst our flowers
And fruits, have come to own again
The blessings of the summer hours,
The early and the latter rain;

To see our Father's hand once more
Reverse for us the plenteous horn
Of autumn, filled and running o'er
With fruit and flower and golden corn!

Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems or gold;
Once more with harvest song and shout
Is nature's bloodless triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings,
Like Ruth, among her garnered sheaves;
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

O favors every year made new!
O gifts with rain and sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due,
The fulness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

God gives us with our rugged soil
The power to make it Eden-fair,
And richer fruits to crown our toil
Than summer-wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day?
Who scorns his native fruit and bloom?
Or sighs for dainties far away,
Beside the bounteous board of home?

Thank Heaven, instead, that Freedom's arm
Can change a rocky soil to gold,—
That brave and generous hearts can warm
A clime with northern ices cold.

And let these altars, wreathed with flowers
And piled with fruits, awake again
Thanksgivings for the golden hours,
The early and the latter rain.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

PRAISING THE LORD.

A THANKSGIVING SERMON.

"Praise ye the Lord."—PSALM cxl. 6.

The Psalms I read for a lesson seem to me to be the key to all true gratitude, because they begin and end with God.

They enlist the whole universe in his praise, make that the ground for singing. We are apt to make a reason for sighing, and grant with a clear courage the things which fill us now and then with a blank dismay. If the sublime forces of nature have not attended properly to our poor little patch, and behaved themselves generally as we think they ought to behave within the circle of our interests, doing what we con-

ceive to be our work rather than the work of Him that sent them, and have not stood to us and by us; if they have not made a fair showing for us through the year, from the cotton crop to the ice crop, with such a margin of misfortune, please God, on the other side of the water, as will prevent our burning corn for fuel in lower Illinois or leaving the wheat in Minnesota to be eaten by the vermin,—then we hesitate and ponder. Some such feeling as this lies latent in almost every human heart, not as a thing to be spoken of with this accent in our meetings, or as a feeling to be nourished for an instant by wholesome men and women; but, in the great bulk of us, it is there all the same, and drifting always to this conclusion, that we will thank God for value received or expected, in good, solid dividends, the kernel of praise for a kernel of worth, but only shells for shells. So Heaven must do her best, or it is too much to expect that we shall do ours.

But not so, I have said, does this seer and singer make melody in his heart to God. He pulls out all the stops, touches all the keys, smites all the bells, makes his Te Deum include all the harmonies and all the discords, and so touches you as you are touched by Niagara on a still summer's morning, when, standing at the true distance from the clash and clamor, cataracts and falls, boiling floods and whirlpools, are all blended into one deep and true accord.

This world of ours is not half-blunder and half-blessing, or failure forever dogging the footsteps of success, though we may easily think so when we fail to find the things through which we can soar out of the thick vapors now and then, and watch the conflict from the divine vantage-ground of a sure faith in God. I note again, in this key to all true and high gratitude, that, while my singer will hear no reason why the whole world outside man shall not praise God, ugly things and beautiful, hurtful and healing, those that make and those that mar, but will set them all singing and then let the harmony take care of itself, so, when he leaves what is about us, and has to speak for himself and his fellows, he abates no jot in his urgency, but will have us all see to it that we take our part in the innumerable choir.

Now it is not quite certain who gave us this wonderful strain; but the oldest authority points to David himself, and I trust this is the truth, and that it came to him as the ripest result of his genius and inspiration and his experience of life, because in such a case he must have known whereof he sang, as Burns did in his best days. And then this would be no flash of his genius, apart from his life, but that most moving and heart-searching reality, the conclusion of a man stormed to sing of the uttermost and innermost truth one can reach out of a soul which has gone through it all, and then must make its secret known in words that can never die any more than the spirit can die, of which they are still a part, and then its work is done.

For, if this be indeed the truth, then we can see how it comes home to us; and, when he bids us all to praise the Lord, he found reason for his bidding in his own life. As a boy, out there on the uplands by Bethlehem; as a young man, who had a hard fight to win his crown and kingdom; as a man, in the thick of the world's business, who had about as hard a time with himself and those about him as one likes to read of; and, then, this old man, as I think of him, done with the world almost, and, with the shadows of death gathering about him, summoning his soul out of the mist, to strike the harp just once again,— to sing his death song, shall I say? and for the sake of childhood and youth, of manhood and the old age, when it was but one step to the grave,— for all these and to them all insisting that we shall not turn our singing over to those about us who ought to sing, as we imagine, while we stay silent, but all through our life, when the true time comes, make earth and heaven ring with our praise.

And I have called this the key to a real gratitude to God, because to my mind there is no other way to praise him worthily, for men and women who have attained even to our poor insight of the divine providence which clasps in all the worlds and all the creatures that swarm on them, and who look to this providence, and challenge it, for their sustenance and their vindication, even down to the mosquito, which is still in some poor sense an angel, stabbing the good-for-nothing manhood in us with its spear, and saying, "You must drain that gutter and see to that marsh, or a worse thing will befall."

But we have come or may come to the open vision, to the grand sweep and purpose of this ancient seer; to a faith which will not reckon with this providence and mete out the thanksgiving to the income, but will break through such boundary lines with a sort of divine recklessness, and, as Paul says, "In everything give thanks"; a spirit which will work back through the things which seem to be curses, and, as it meets them bravely and handles them to some true purpose, see how they still result in the long day in some new blessing which has put us farther on, and made us more god-like than we could have been, had they not come to challenge us and search us, as the fire searches the silver; to be aware that our eyes have been robbed in some poor degree of their local look, and can see now how the whole earth is the Lord's, not our bit of it alone, but the whole wealth of it between the poles, and all the creatures which make it their habitation, and not our nation alone, but all the nations on the face of the whole earth; how these all wait on God, and do the best perhaps they are able to do, as they wade slowly from the lower places to the higher, or, if they have had their day, fall back and make way for the fairer and fitter order.

In this new day in which we live, we can make Science one with the gospel and the psalm, and see through her glass also how all things have in them the hint of a divine beneficence, and nothing was made merely to suffer, and to say as the end of its experience, I am a frustration, and had better never have been born. And this, and this alone, to my mind, is the true way to thank God. It turns not on crops or plenty of trade, or freedom from pests or storm or blight. It is the human heart turning to God with this grand, full beat in it, and breaking out into this psalm, which can tolerate no private interpretation; and then it is the whole nation singing this one melody,—

"Praise ye the Lord!"

Because this again must be the end as it is the beginning,—that we praise God, if there is to be any great worth in our singing. The old Puritans struck the great note here, no matter how their fingers wandered over the keys beside, after the minors and the thirds. There can be no gratitude to stir the heart and return for blessing on the life, if we have no connection reaching up to the eternal God as the spring of all our joy.

There is but one way, and it is just the old simple way: *we shall praise God.*

There can be no true thanksgiving except as we do that, and believe with our whole heart that he is here and there and everywhere to answer to our gratitude,—not as the blowing winds merely or the wandering rains, or the light which comes and goes, or the sweetly responsive earth, or our mother nature, but as the innermost and surest presence of which we can form any conception, to which all other personality, even that of his Christ, is but a faint adumbration, and who, because he worketh hitherto and we work, brings us to these times when we can lift our hearts to him, and thank him for the darkness and the light, for the evil, as it seems to us, as for the good, and for death as for life.

Yes, and *we* must thank God, who may not hope to see many more Thanksgivings, for the lessons life has brought us, and be what we sing. Young men and maidens, old men and children, let us all thank God in some grand, true way: for the world we live in, more beautiful and excellent still than all the poets and seers have told; for the land we live in, the nursing mother of all who will look to her,—how she feeds the waiting millions, how she welcomes these that seek her shores from the long oppression, straightening their backs, brightening their eyes, and taking the slouch out of their feet! for the hearths and the altars,—yes, and for the graves; for the sweet benignity of death, when life can do no more for us; for the rest that comes then, and the rest that remains, if we work worthily while we are here. Indeed, indeed, I ask you to no common boon when I ask that we shall take this ground for our Thanksgiving, and neither doubt God nor parley with him, nor try to show him by inference and innuendo wherein he has come short of our expectations. Praise ye the Lord!

Robert Collyer.

The weakest of all things, perhaps, is scepticism. Unless a man has some fixed, clear convictions, he drifts helplessly through the world.

THE STILL HOUR.

THREE WORDS.

There are three lessons I would write,
Three words as with a burning pen
In tracings of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men.

Have *Hope*. Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow,
No night but hath its morn.

Have *Faith*. Where'er thy bark is driven,—
The calm's disport, the tempest's wrath,—
Know thou, God rules the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have *Love*. Not love alone for one,
But man, as man, thy brother call,
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul,—
Hope, Faith, and Love,—and thou shalt find
Strength, when life's surges rudest roll,
Light, when thou else wert blind.

—*Schiller.*

Joy, sorrow, friendship, work, charity,—these are eternal. They do not change with changing times; and, if a man throws himself heartily into the life of his fellow-men and takes the pleasures and the pains that come out of the touchings of his life with theirs, he is brought into association with these unchanging verities, and his own life becomes less oppressively unruly. Have you not sometimes, when most perplexed and bewildered with many thoughts, found refuge, strength, health, and peace in mere return from solitude to those relations with your brethren for which man was made? A joy that comes by human company, even a sorrow that has its root in a true human love, brings a man back from the solitude which is not good for him. And the next thing which is permanent, and which a man ought to cling to with special closeness now, is duty. How old it is, how strong and sure! How strong it makes us when we think that this same simple, single instinct of right and wrong which makes us do our act to-day is precisely the same instinct that made men honest and kept them pure before the flood! So many of the perplexities of our time are on the surface. They do not reach down to where the conscience lies calm and serene below.

But then, above all things, there are the strength and permanence of religion. Never was there such a time to cling to that. There may be many thoughts about religion that are not clear; but religion itself—nay, Christianity itself—is sure. The knowledge that love is at the root of everything; the answer of the human soul to the appealing nature and life of Jesus Christ; the value of the soul above the body, of the character of circumstances; and the eternal life,—these are what men may cling to. If any man does cling to these, he is really upon a rock; and whatever else which he thought was rock may prove to be ice, and melt away. Here he is safe. Here is the great last certainty. Be sure of God. With simple, loving worship, by continual obedience, by purifying yourself even as he is pure, keep close to him. Be sure of God, and nothing can overthrow or drown you. And so let us give thanks to God upon Thanksgiving Day. Nature is beautiful, and fellow-men are dear, and duty is close beside us, and He is over us and in us. What more do we want except to be more thankful, less complaining of our trials and our time, and more worthy of the tasks he has given us? We want to trust him with a fuller trust, and so at last to come to that high life where we shall "be careful for nothing, but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let our request be made known unto God"; for that, and that alone, is peace.—*Phillips Brooks.*

BIOGRAPHY.

SISTER DORA.

Dorothy Wyndlow Pattison was born in the village of Hauxwell in England on January 16, 1832. Her father, Rev. Mark Pattison, was rector of Hauxwell for many years. Dorothy, who was the youngest but one of twelve children, was very delicate. Little is known of her early life; but, in spite of many illnesses, she began, when very young, to show an unusual sweetness of temper, and also a strong spirit of fun. She was much interested in Miss Nightingale's work during the Crimean War, and was anxious to become one of the nurses; but her father was not willing, as he told her that without training she would be

worse than useless. After her mother's death, which occurred when Dora was twenty-nine, she went to the little village of Woolston as village schoolmistress.

When visiting her brother at Redcar, she became acquainted with members of a large working sisterhood at Coatham, called the Good Samaritans; and in 1864 she joined the sisterhood. Her friends regretted the decision, for they felt that such a life would not satisfy one with Dora's tastes. Sister Mary, who had charge of a new accident hospital in Walsall, containing four beds, was taken ill, and Sister Dora was ordered to take her place; but at the beginning of her work she took small-pox from one of the out-patients, and was very ill. After her recovery she was sent to several private cases, as those coming to the hospital for a nurse were pleased with her and would take no one else. When a letter came telling of her father's serious illness, she was about to take a new case in the south of England, and the sisterhood refused her request to go home. News came of his death, and then permission was given her to attend the funeral; but, as she could not be with him while he was living, she did not care to go. She felt that she had been wronged; and this caused a breach between her and the sisterhood, which widened as the years went on. In her grief Sister Dora became more absorbed than ever in her work at Walsall.

As the hospital became known, the surgeons were overwhelmed by out-patients, and were glad to have help from the sisters. The old doctor who was attached to the hospital, finding that Sister Dora possessed wonderful spirit and wit, as well as common sense and courage, decided that she should have thorough instruction in surgery. She came to Walsall so quietly that at first she was chiefly known in slums and dirty streets where the people were too degraded to apply at the hospital for treatment. Not until she was seriously ill in 1866 did the people begin to appreciate her.

Sister Dora received much help and inspiration from the teaching and example of Rev. Richard Twigg. They became warm friends, and she attended his Scripture classes whenever she could.

In 1868 it became necessary to establish a larger hospital in a more healthy part of Walsall, and Sister Dora was placed in charge of it. About the same time small-pox broke out in Walsall, and she took upon herself eagerly the work of nursing the victims.

Children terribly burnt and scalded were often brought to the hospital, and much of Sister Dora's time was occupied in dressing and treating such cases. She had methods of her own, and the surgeons wisely left the cases to her. In 1875 another epidemic of small-pox occurred, and spread rapidly. Patients were not willing to go to the Epidemic Hospital until Sister Dora offered her services as nurse, and then the twenty-eight beds filled rapidly. A porter was her only assistant; and he often became intoxicated, and was gone during the entire night, leaving her alone with the dead and dying. It was nearly six months before the epidemic was at an end, and then Sister Dora resumed charge of the Walsall Cottage Hospital.

In November, 1876, it was found that the wards had become infected, and many cases of erysipelas occurred. So a small house was secured as a home for the patients and nurses while the hospital was rebuilt. During the winter a mission was held in the parish, and Sister Dora was deeply interested in it. She not only prayed, but worked day and night during that week and many others.

She was anxious that an attempt should be made to rescue some of the miserable women who thronged the streets at night, and she went with two of the clergymen to a room where some of the worst men and women had gathered. Many of them had been treated by her at the hospital. To the surprise of the clergymen, she not only made them kneel while she prayed, but also induced them to go with her to a service which was to be held near-by. It was only the beginning of a work which she carried on earnestly. She also had evening classes for the drivers of public cabs in Walsall.

During the winter of 1877 Sister Dora for the first time had difficulty in lifting her patients, but she took little notice of it. As the trouble increased, she consulted a physician; and he discovered that a disease existed which would prove fatal. As she wished to continue her work as long as possible, she decided to let the disease take its course without surgical treatment, and to tell no one of her condition. "No one who saw her in the wards of her little hospital

or surrounded by out-patients, for each of whom she had a cheerful word, or speeding with eager feet on her missions of mercy during the hours of night, could have guessed that her nearly superhuman energy was sustained by the knowledge that life was all but over for her."* The new hospital was nearly completed, and Sister Dora was interested in plans and suggestions for the building.

In June, 1878, an epidemic of typhoid fever occurred, which made it necessary to close a portion of the Temporary Home; and Sister Dora decided to take a vacation. She first went to visit some nieces at the Isle of Man, then to Paris to study the new inventions in surgical instruments. From Paris she went to London to attend Prof. Lister's lectures. She wished to learn his treatment of wounds, and was permitted to be present at many of his operations. While in London, she became very ill; but she rallied enough to be taken to Walsall. As the new building was not finished, the hospital committee engaged a small house for her. She never left her bed again; but, in spite of severe suffering, she took as strong an interest as ever in plans for the new hospital and in the patients.

On December 6 Sister Ellen arrived to take charge of the hospital, and nursed Sister Dora tenderly until, after four months of suffering, she quietly died on Dec. 24, 1878. It was her wish that she should be carried to her grave by some of the railroad men whom she had nursed. As soon as it became known, eighteen men offered their services.

"On December 28 a strangely mixed procession accompanied the body of Sister Dora to its last resting-place. Her brother, her executor, representatives of all the church choirs in the city, the physicians and surgeons, the clergy and ministers of all denominations, not only from Walsall, but from the surrounding districts, and the cathedral town, the hospital committee, the mayor, and many other officials, all anxious to pay a last token of respect and affection, walked a mile through half-melted snow and drizzling rain. But these formed only a small part of the procession. It was joined by literally hundreds of old patients. As carts and wagons stopped to let the silent crowds pass, rough drivers were seen to pull off their caps and to turn and gaze after the coffin with tears streaming down their cheeks."*

*"Biography of Sister Dora," by Margaret Lonsdale.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A FAMILIAR GUEST.

Last week, after a somewhat distracted morning with some queer, beguiling little harlequins on the bittersweet vine about my porch, of which I have previously written, I had finally settled down to my work, and was engaged in putting the finishing touches upon a long-delayed drawing, when a new visitor claimed my attention,—a small hornet, which alights upon the window-sill within half a yard of my face. To be sure, she was no stranger here at my studio,—even now there are two of her yonder beneath the spider nest,—and was, moreover, an old friend, whose ways were perfectly familiar to me; but this time the insect engaged my particular attention because it was not alone, being accompanied by a green caterpillar bigger than herself, which she held beneath her body as she travelled along on the window-sill so near my face. "So, so! my little wren-wasp, you have found a satisfactory cranny at last, and have made yourself at home. I have seen you prying about here for a week, and wondered where you would take up your abode."

The insect now reaches the edge of the sill, and, taking a fresh grip of her burden, starts off toward the open door, and disappears. Wondering what her whimsical destination might be, my eye involuntarily began to wander about the room in quest of nail-holes or other available similar crannies, but without reward; and I had fairly settled back to my work and forgotten the incident, when the same visitor, or another just like her, again appeared, this time clearing the window-sill in her flight and landing directly upon my drawing-board, across which she sped, half creeping, half in flight, and tugging her green caterpillar as before, longer than herself, which she held beneath her body. "This time I shall learn

*"Biography of Sister Dora," by Margaret Lonsdale.

your secret," I thought. "Two such challenges as this are not to be ignored."

In a moment she had reached the right-hand edge of my easel-board, from which she made a short flight and settled upon a large table in the centre of the room, littered with its characteristic chaos of brushes, paints, dishes, bottles, color-boxes, and cloths, among which she disappeared. It was a hopeless task to disclose her. So I waited to observe the spot from which she would emerge, assuming that this, like the window-sill and my easel, was a mere way-station on her homeward travels. But she failed to appear, while I busied my wits in trying to recall which particular item in the collection had a *hole* in it. Yes, there *was* a spool among the odds and ends. That must be it! But on examination the paper still covered both ends. What, then, can be the attraction on my table? My curiosity was immediately satisfied; for, as I turned back to the board and resumed my work, I soon discovered another wasp, with its caterpillar freight, on the drawing-board. After a moment's pause she made a quiet short flight toward the table; and what was my astonishment to observe her alight directly upon the tip of the very brush which I held in my hand, which I now noted for the first time had a hole in its end. In another moment she disappeared within the cavity, tugging the caterpillar after her.

My bamboo brushes! I had not thought of them! By mere chance, a few years since, I happened upon some of these brushes in a Japanese shop,—large, long-handled brushes, with pure white hair nicely stiffened to a tapering point, which was neatly protected with a sheathing cover of bamboo. A number of them were at my elbow a few inches distant. Normally, each of these brushes is closed at the end by the natural pith of the bamboo. I now find them all either open or otherwise tampered with, and the surrounding surface of the table littered with tiny balls, apparently of sawdust. I picked up one of the nearest brushes; and, upon inverting it and giving it a slight tap, a tiny green worm fell out of the opening. From the next one I managed to shake out seven of the caterpillars; while the third had passed beyond this stage, the aperture having been carefully plugged with a mud cork, which was even now moist. Investigation showed that no single brush had escaped similar tampering to a greater or less extent.

The caterpillars were all of the same kind. Not far from the door of my studio is a small thicket of wild rose, which should alone be sufficient to account for all these victimized caterpillars. This species is a regular dependent on the rose, dwelling within its cocoon-like canopy of leaves, which are drawn together with a few silken webs, and in which it is commonly concealed by day. I can readily fancy the tiny hornet making a commotion at one end of this leafy domicile and the next instant catching the evicted caterpillar "on the fly" at the other. Grasping her legs and jaws, in another moment the wriggling body is passive in her grasp, subdued by the potent anæsthetic of her sting,—a hypodermic injection which instantly produces the semblance of death in its victim, reducing all the vital functions to the point of dissolution, and then holds them suspended. This chemical resource is common to all the hornets, whether their victims be grasshoppers, spiders, cicadæ, or caterpillars. In a condition of helpless stupor they are lugged off to their respective dens, and then, hermetically sealed on storage, are preserved as fresh living food for the young hornet larva, which is left in charge of them. The developments within my brush-handles may serve as a commentary on the ways of the average hornet.

One after another of the little green caterpillars is packed into the bamboo cell, which is about an inch deep, and plugged with mud at the base. From seven to ten of the victims are thus stored, after which the little wasp desposits an egg among them, and then seals the doorway with a pellet of mud. The young larva, which soon hatches from this egg, finds itself in a land of plenty, surrounded by living food; and, being born hungry, he loses no time in making a meal from the nearest victim. One after another of the caterpillars is devoured, until his larder, nicely calculated to carry him to his full growth, is exhausted. Thus the first stage is passed. The second stage is entered into within a few hours, and is passed within a silken cocoon, with which the white grub now surrounds itself, and with which, transformed to a pupa, it bides its time for

about three weeks, as I now recall, when, third stage, out pops the mud cork, and the perfect wasp appears at the opening of the cell. This interesting little hornet is a common summer species, known as the solitary hornet, one of them, *Odynerus flavipes*. The insect is about a half-inch in length, and to the careless observer might suggest a yellow-jacket, though the yellow is here confined to two triangular spots on the front of the thorax and three bands upon the abdomen. *From "My Studio Neighbors," by William Hamilton Gibson.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[*Send all matter for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 3 Webster Street, Allston, Mass.*]

BEFORE WRITING TO ASK FOR BOOKS, DO NOT FAIL TO READ THE FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS.

1. If you see a book offered in the Book Club which you desire to read, write directly to the address of the person who offers it. If she receives more than one request, the addresses of those to whom she cannot respond may be sent to the Book Club, and the request printed there.

2. If you have a book or paper to give or lend, write directly to the Book Club as above, and offer it with your address.

3. In sending a book, enclose, when possible, a P.O. card for response, already addressed.

4. In thanking the person who has sent you a book, always mention the name of the book. Say, "I have received 'Black Beauty,'" or whatever the book may be; not, "I have received *that book*." This saves a busy person a good deal of time. Otherwise, she must consult her list constantly to find out what book has been received safely.

N.B.— Do not send books to the Book Club. Send only the *offer* to the club. To send the *book* involves packing it *twice* and paying postage *twice*, where once would suffice.

Those who offer books frequently receive notes, saying, "Shall I return you this book, or keep it, or pass it on?" *Unless otherwise stated, all* books offered in this department are *given*, and the postage paid.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it: else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

Please write only on one side of the paper in sending lists or letters to the secretary.

OFFERS.

Will any mother who would like to have "Gentle Measures in Training the Young," by Jacob Abbott, or any one who would like "Black Beauty," address Miss Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.?

The following books are offered by the Cambridge Branch. Address Mrs. C. W. Kettell, 19 Brewster Street, Cambridge, Mass. Old correspondents will please address the members to whom they have formerly written. In order to receive books from the Cambridge Branch, it will be necessary henceforth to send a reference with the *first* request.

Educational.

Latin.

Allen and Greenough's "Grammar," "Composition"; Andrews and Stoddard's "Grammar"; Andrews's "Grammar," "Lessons"; Leighton's "Lessons"; "Viri Romæ"; Cæsar's "Gallic War"; Harkness's "Introductory Book."

German.

Woodbury's "Grammar"; "Dr. Wespe."

Greek.

White's "First Lessons"; Crosby's "Grammar."

French.

Gengembre's "Practical Instructor"; Sauveur's "Petites Causeries"; Robertson's "System and Key"; Marcel's "Method"; "Chefs d'Œuvre de Racine"; Noël and Chapsal's "Grammar"; Addicks's "Elements"; Surenne's "Dictionary"; Chardenal's "First Course"; "Le Grand-père."

Poetry.

Scott's "Lady of the Lake"; Jones Very's "Poems"; "Childhood: A Selection from the Poets"; Racine's "Athalie"; Lowell's "Cathedral"; Tennyson's "Holy Grail, and Other Poems"; "Prometheus" and "Agamemnon" in English verse.

Fiction.

"On the Heights," Auerbach; "The Time-spell of the Château d'Arpon"; "Part of the Property"; "Out of Due Season"; "Old House at Sandwich"; "Tristrem Varick"; "The Sea-wolves"; "A Mere Child," Walford; "Roland Trevor"; "Faca," an army memoir; "The Banishment of Bishop Blythe"; "Robert Elsmere"; "House of Seven Gables," Hawthorne; "Deerslayer," Cooper.

Juvenile.

"Arabian Nights"; "Views from Plymouth Rock"; "Stories of the Patriarchs"; "The Scalp-hunters," Mayne Reid.

The following books are offered by the First Church Alliance, Salem. Address Miss Alice D. Perkins, 5 Oliver Street, Salem, Mass. "Class Book of Chemistry," Gannan; "Class Book of Etymology," Lynd; "Phonographic Class Book," Andrews and Boyle; "German Grammar," Whitney; "Elementary Algebra," Sherwin; "Talks upon Practical Subjects," Harland; "Sunday-school Hymn and Tune Book"; "Normal Music Course," Third Reader; "Normal Music Course," High School collection; "American Text Book of Drawing"; "Lessons on the Life of Jesus," Mrs. J. C. Jaynes; "Lessons on the Old Testament," Mrs. Jaynes; "Guy Mannering," Scott; "Lorna Doone," Blackmore.

Mrs. Rebecca W. Wilcox, 91 Addison Street, Chelsea, Mass., offers current numbers of the *New York Independent* and the *Club Woman.*

The Brighton Branch offer the following: "Tom and Sarah Neal," "The Johnston Manor," "Seedtime and Harvest," "Sisters Abroad," "Petronel," Eaton's "Common School Arithmetic."

Magazines.

North American Review, 1893, 1894, 1896; *Cosmopolitan*, 1895, also six months each of 1894, 1896; *Scribner's* (odd numbers), 1889, 1894, 1896; *Review of Reviews* (six months, odd numbers); *McClure's* (six months), 1895–96; *Harper's* (odd numbers), 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896; *Century* (odd numbers), 1883, 1892; *Kindergarten News* (six months), 1895; *New England Kitchen Magazine* (six months), 1895. Address Miss Carrie L. Murdock, corner Washington and Allston Streets, Brighton, Mass.

The following list of books is offered by the Plymouth Branch of the Cheerful Letter Exchange. Mrs. F. B. Davis, 2 Court Street, Plymouth, Mass. "Mr. Witt's Widow," Anthony Hope; "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," Maclaren; "Ships that pass in the Night"; "The Story of an Untold Love," Ford; "The Waters of Hercules"; "Tanas Bulba"; *Munsey's Magazine* for 1898; *Atlantic Monthly* for 1885 and 1895; *Outlook*, odd numbers for 1897, 1898; *Vogue*, 1897, odd numbers; *Youth's Companion*, whole year 1896; *Youth's Companion*, odd numbers 1893, 1894, 1895; *Harper's Monthly*, 1895; *McClure's Magazine*, 1897; *Cassell's Monthly*, 1889; odd numbers of *New England Magazine*, 1892–93; odd numbers of *Strand*, *Century*, *Scribner's*, *Munsey's*, *McClure's* magazines; a volume of "Child's First Reader."

REQUESTS.

[*Read directions at beginning of Book Club before writing.*]

Standing requests for libraries from: —

Mrs. O. A. Langston, Sidney, Comanche County, Texas;

Mrs. C. S. Stowell, Magnolia, Boulder County, Colorado;

Mr. Davis M'Carn, Anamosa, Iowa;

Mrs. D. Jayne, Jamestown, Chautauqua County, New York;

Mrs. Emma Miner, Lisbon, New Hampshire;

Stephen D. Rhoden, La Pine, Crenshaw County, Alabama;

Mrs. Isadore E. Rice, Oakland, Oregon.

Mrs. Margaret Ogilvie, "The Bonnie Briars," Grand Junction, Colorado.

Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by noting the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.)

Dear Friends of "The Cheerful Letter,"— Several years ago I wrote to *The Cheerful Letter*, asking for reading; and I received several kind responses and found one kind friend. This summer I suffered a severe relapse; and, though I am gaining slowly, I find it very hard to bear, and I would be very glad if some one would send me the *Ladies' Home Journal* for 1898. I live on a farm, and do not see many people. Mrs. Florence D. Reynolds, Franklinville, Cattaraugus County, New York.

Some time ago a friend sent me a copy of *The Cheerful Letter*, June number of 1896.

In it you offer to send reading matter to those requesting it, providing they were unable to obtain it elsewhere. Hoping that your generous offer of two years ago still holds, will say that *any good reading matter* sent to my address would be thankfully received and appreciated. Books of light weight or periodicals preferred; for I am obliged to do the greater part of my reading lying down, on account of ill-health. Have been an invalid for eight years, and at present can neither walk nor ride. Can do nothing but read, of which I am very fond, but am able at present to procure only a very limited amount of such matter on account of scarcity of funds, caused by much sickness in the family. It will be a long, dreary winter to look forward to if I cannot obtain something in the way of literature. I have a boy of eleven who is fond of reading, and likes the *Youth's Companion*. Mrs. A. V. Hanna, Stafford, Kansas.

I should be very glad of school books for two children aged ten and six years. I should also be glad of reading for myself and children. Old magazines will be appreciated, as I am too poor to buy. Mrs. John Wilson, Heareford, Stokes County, North Carolina.

Can some one send me Greek Testament and the necessary books for learning "New Testament Greek"? I should be glad to receive any entirely undenominational religious literature, also Bible stories or other good moral stories for a family who sadly need moral training. The children are from seven to eleven, and can read a little. Pictures to amuse a feeble-minded boy—my only child—would be gratefully received. Mrs. Celestia E. Guernsey, Great Bend, Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania.

May I send the name of an aged blind man and his wife, who live mostly alone on a claim near the Cheyenne Indians? They are more than seventy-five years old, and reading is almost their only pastime. The wife reads aloud to her husband. They would be so grateful for any kind of good reading. Address Mrs. Mary A. Hughes, Cloud Chief, Oklahoma.

Montgomery's History of England and any magazines are asked for by Miss E. B. Wilson, Elloree, South Carolina.

L. A. Amos, a young man, twenty-four years of age at Heareford, North Carolina, the elder brother of six boys and six girls, wishes for some good literature.

Mrs. Susan Vaughn, Vigor, Tennessee, asks for a "Fifth Reader," "Ray's Practical Arithmetic," "Fourth Reader," and spelling-books, so that her six children may attend school.

School dictionary is asked for by Mrs. Hattie Myers, 1307 4th Street, Olympia, Wash., and Myrtle Dana, 2830 L Street, San Diego, California.

Mrs. E. H. Robinson, Walton Furnace, Virginia, will be glad of books suitable for a Sunday-school.

Hazel Rhodes, Goldfield, Colorado, asks for "Beautiful Joe."

Dear Cheerful Letter Friends,— I feel very grateful to all who have sent me reading, also to the one that sends me *The Cheerful Letter*. I would be so proud if some one would be so kind as to send me the following books: a collection of religious poems; also the *Ladies' Home Journal* for 1898, after they have read it; some short romantic stories; and a picture-book suitable for small children. (Mrs.) Lila Kay, Tennessee Colony, Anderson County, Texas.

Maury's "Intermediate Geography" is asked for by (Miss) Naomi E. Smith, Mayodan, Rockingham County, North Carolina.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

Contributions for this department may be sent to Mrs. J. S. Howe, Chestnut Street, Brookline, Mass.

FROM "NURSERY ETHICS" BY MRS. WINTERBURN.

(*Conclusion.*)

"Do not," advises Richter, "indulge in that *after punishment* women are so prone to, of coldness or anger. These are circumstances in which unreflecting relatives, and more especially ignorant servants, frequently work great mischief. On the street, when a little child falls down in running, one hears such an exclamation from the nurse as: "There, miss! I told you so! What a

naughty child! I am going to tell your mother!" Instead of the lesson of carefulness that would otherwise have been learned, there springs up defiance, that becomes indifference to reproof felt to be unmerited. Suppose a child does soil its clothes by careless tripping, where does the fault lie? Not in the tripping, perfectly harmless in itself. He might trip along for blocks, and never be checked, did not some accident occur. The fault, then, lies in his want of balance,—an excusable defect, it might seem, in a creature just learning the use of its legs. There is far too much thoughtless expostulation, too much placing the blame where it does not belong. A large proportion of the offences of children occur accidentally. Their motives may be excellent, yet their actions bear the appearance of naughtiness. One cannot be too cautious in charging home an offence.

It is far better to err on the side of neglecting correction than on the side of unjust punishment. This last is something that a child never recovers from. The memory of it may even imbitter his feelings toward his parents after he has reached maturity. Love, confidence, and obedience should grow up, side by side, in a childish heart. It must be won, not coerced. Where obedience exists alone, there is either a lamentable want of character in the child as well as unnatural coldness on the part of the parents, or else there is a latent feeling of hostility in the bottom of the child's heart, which surely will some day come to the surface and nullify all the good of restraints exercised over him.

The combative instinct is a natural one, and is necessary to our preservation. All possess it to a greater or less extent; and, as it is a blind, indiscriminate instinct, it has to be trained, so that it shall come to exercise itself only in the proper direction. A child does not at first distinguish the opposition of his parents from that of any other hostile force. It is perfectly repugnant to him. How is he to be reconciled to it? How is a parent to reveal himself so as to make the child feel, long before he can reason about it, that he is the guardian and protector of his interests? Only by associating the necessary authority with his welfare, in ways so plain that the young mind can see the connection.

For instance, a child creeps toward a hot stove, intent on putting his hand upon it. If a mother can exercise such restraint over herself as to permit him to barely touch it before she draws him away, she will have taught him a lesson; for the baby, whose sensations are acute, will realize that the stove's his foe, and the mother his friend, and he never could have comprehended that if he had been withdrawn before he had felt for himself that the stove hurt him. The mother may then strive to make him understand the two words "don't" and "hot"; and then the next time he is in danger from such a source the repetition of those two words will bring the affair to his memory, and he will associate "don't" with safety. But mere words mean nothing to a child; and all the tender language that could be uttered would not impress him without the smile and caress accompanying them, nor all the warnings without his associating them with some past experience. As the child's whole education, moral as well as intellectual,—indeed, the two cannot be divorced,—is to proceed upon the idea of association, it is especially requisite never to create a confusion in his mind by crowding lessons upon him. Select what is most important, and dwell upon that, in order to produce a clear impression, ignoring for the time many other matters of conduct that may have to be noticed in the future. It is a great mistake to reprove a child for everything he does wrong: life will then become to him a monotonous burden of one song. Some old philosopher remarked that, in dealing with children, he found it well to "be a little deaf, a little dumb, and a little blind."

To have in mind a distinct plan, and compel ourselves to defer to it, is the only way to succeed in dealing justly with our children. "We need an ideal to work toward." And although this ideal can never be wholly realized, because we can never carry into the heat and hurry of active life, accurate recollections of our calmly reasoned-out views, "yet we should aim to advance toward perfection, not away from it." Disinterestedness and self-control on the part of the parent; love, confidence, and obedience on the part of the child,—how is the relation to be sustained when once happily begun?

AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Please send all material for this department to Miss E. D. Chapman, 34 Buckingham Street, Cambridge, Mass.]

FAMOUS MEN IN DISGUISE.

The initials of the descriptions are the same as those of the men described. Example, He wrote lyrics. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

1. Favored booklore. 2. Talented beyond measure. 3. Jolly good singer. 4. America's help. 5. Wrote captivating books. 6. Singularly talented conversationalist. 7. Jovial rhyming literature. 8. Jehovah's minstrel. 9. Nice, pleasant writer. 10. Justly honored poet. 11. Christian knight. 12. Great worker. 13. Tender, hilarious. 14. Made angels.

CHARADE.

1.

My whole has four letters, with vowels but one.
You have it, I have it, and each mother's son.
Behead me, the three letters left will express
What we all have or had, sir, some more and some less.
Take my head off again, and my word never doubt,
When I say, if you guess it, you'll not find it out.

2.

Oft to my *first* my *second* came,
By tyranny and treason brought.
The two combined will form a name
By none desired or ever sought.

DECAPITATIONS.

Fill out the spaces left in the following verses by a word whose first letter is dropped in each succeeding line.

The village band had played a —
Of martial music, when the —
Bore off my Love. Tears came like —
For he was mine, my very —

I thought I surely was in —
When he came back, my faithful —
All strong and well, his hardships —

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN OCTOBER NUMBER.

INAUGURAL COUPLETS.

1. Jefferson. 2. Washington. 3. Lincoln. 4. Jefferson. 5. Tyler, Fillmore, Washington, Johnson, Arthur, Hayes, and Taylor. 6. William Henry Harrison. 7. Monroe, Hayes, and Taylor. 8. Arthur. 9. Cleveland. 10. Adams, Washington. 11. Garfield. 12. Van Buren.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Because he is remembered.
2. Because, if you do not C sharp, you will B flat.
3. Because it comes to the surface to blow.
4. Because he made the ark light on Mt. Ararat.
5. Because the sprinkler keeps the lawn wet, and the Chinaman keeps the laundry.
6. It makes him fast.

SHAKSPERE PUZZLE.

"To be or not to be."

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

There will be a meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, on Friday, November 4, at 10.30 A.M. All interested in the work are cordially invited to be present.

DIRECTIONS.

EDITOR,—Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

SECRETARY OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, —Miss Bertha Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.

SECRETARY OF BOOK CLUB OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 3 Webster Street, Allston, Mass.

TREASURER OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, —Miss Louise Howe, 53 Linden Street, Brookline, Mass., or 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Subscriptions and renewals should be sent to the treasurer, also all changes of address and requests for discontinuance. The subscription is fifty cents a year. If subscribers do not receive the paper regularly, they are requested to notify Miss Howe at once.

Those not able to subscribe for the paper, but desiring to receive it, may do so by writing to Miss Louise Howe, as above. Please give full name and address. Also send name of minister as reference. Some of our members take the paper in order to send it to those who are not able to subscribe for it.